



*Youth* /

TEENS DREAM OF THE IDEAL DATE  
AND NOW A PUSH-BUTTON PASTOR!  
WHO'S AFRAID OF THE UFO?

Religious Education  
EXHIBIT

Pacific School of Religion



## HERE'S HOW GIRLS DESCRIBE THE KIND OF

The kind of guy who is an ideal date is fairly attractive, neat in dressing, a gentleman. He must have a good sense of humor and not be too shy. It would be nice if he likes to have fun and doesn't feel silly about doing simple things such as bike riding.

—Sue Metzler/Nappanee, Ind./17

A guy who, first of all, has respect for a girl and who would do nothing to make a girl feel small and shallow.

—Jan Schmidt/Burlington, N.C./16

A guy who is cool, cute, and considerate. One who feels free to talk on anything and one who likes science fiction and weird ideas.

—Beth Koehler/South Bend, Ind./16

People are exciting individuals not for one set of reasons, but because they each have their own unique mixture of traits.

—Joan Laurion/Madison, Wis./17

Someone who is attractive and who has a similar code of morals. A boy who is sharp on current events and talkative in general.

—Alexis Lybrook/Kokomo, Ind./16

Trust, respect, a boy you can talk to on all kinds of levels—is polite—but not overly so—has a sense of fun—displays just the right amount of affection.

—Ruth Zackel/Grinnell, Mich./16

YOUTH  
FORUM

/what's you





## WHAT WOULD MAKE THE IDEAL DATE . . .

Interested in talking about intelligent things; finds different and interesting things to do; considerate of my wishes; neat, courteous, decisive—doesn't keep asking where I want to go.

—*Sue Haas/Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio/17*

The ideal date would be honest, sincere, fairly intelligent, neat in appearance, clean in speech, responsible, a good conversationalist, polite, and have religious convictions and a good sense of humor.

—*Emilie Kallenbach/Evansville, Ind./16*

A boy who's interested in life and lives for a purpose and goal; who can carry on an interesting conversation; dresses nicely; and is interested in me.

—*Joyce Yates/Asheboro, N.C./18*

One who is considerate, has a sense of humor, and who is willing to accept conflicting opinions without being unreasonable about it.

—*Marcia Clemmitt/Canton, Ohio/16*

Genuinely interested in having a good time on the date. A personable individual with the ability to make the best of any situation.

—*Margie Peterson/Salina, Kans./18*

If a boy is intelligent and masculine, he's great. If he's also courteous and good-looking, he's ideal.

—*Barbara Euser/Broomfield, Colo./17*

Photo by Tom Stewart

# DATING RATING?





# Youth

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Cover photo by Tom Stewart. Back cover photo by Del Ankers Photographers.



## HERE'S HOW BOYS DESCRIBE THE KIND OF GIRL WHO WOULD MAKE THE IDEAL DATE . . .

A sense of humor, please! Pleasant, outgoing, will say what she's thinking; lets a boy know where he stands, subtly.

—Don Grace/Athol, Mass./17

The girl who makes the ideal date is pleasant looking and able to make me feel the man of the moment.

—John Fuller/Denver, Colo./18

She must be nice looking, have a pleasant personality, be able to talk freely and easily, but not too much, be full of pep and vitality, and is interested in many different activities.

—Dan Briggs/Brentwood, Mo./17

She ought to be of same or similar education and interests. Nice looks but remembering that "looks aren't everything."

—William Weber/North Wales, Pa./17

My ideal girl is one who acts herself . . . no put-on stuff (makeup in excess, tight clothes, etc.). She should act natural, and treat me like she wants to be treated.

—Dave Brown/Pompey's Pillar, Mont./17

## dating rating

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One with knowledge of what's going on about her and who can carry on a conversation. Plus I like girls who take pride in the way they look.

—Jim Domke/Greeley, Colo./17

Not stereotyped; mature, intelligent, and capable of dialogue.

A skier, possessing a Christian conviction and applying it. A nurse. Brown hair, blue eyes, and of Scottish descent.

—Brian Clark/Milton Freewater, Ore./17

I would like a girl who is fun to be around, who loves to talk, and who is appreciative. —Andrade Thomas/Washington, D.C./16

Interested in my activities, good sense of humor, and wanting to go out with *me*, not for the sake of just going out or for the occasion.

—Jeffrey Pulling/Rutland, Vt./17

A girl with whom one can feel at home. She has a good sense of humor, is fairly realistic and intelligent.

—Arthur Severance/Lakeport, N.H./17

Good personality—passable looks. I'd put personality over looks any day.

—David Harlin/Vallejo, Calif./16

A girl who looks natural, is warm and affectionate, has good looks and a pleasing personality is the girl for me.

—Bob Sieling/Ports, Ohio/16





## dating rating\_\_\_\_\_

### **GIRLS: MY BIGGEST COMPLAINT ABOUT BOYS**

Their driving! It's too fast! —*Sue Beshler/Red Bud, Ind./18*

Many boys fail to realize that their female dates are human beings with feelings similar to others. Boys often fail to include her feelings and her ideas into his plans for the evening. Many boys don't understand the meaning of NO. Some boys do not consider their responsibility to insure their dates arrival home at any specified time.

—*Marcia Frost/Fairfield, Conn./17*

It's important for me to have the boy tell me where we are going when he asks for a date. It burns me up for him to say, "Do you want to go out?" followed by no explanation.

—*Ruth Chaffee/Kellogg, Idaho/18*

I hate to hear boys call their parents "my old man and lady." Showing disrespect for his own parents makes a girl feel he won't respect her and her parents.—*Barbara Baldwin/Omaha, Nebr./17*

Many fellows want to be so impressive and flashy. If only they'd realize that money and a splashy car hold nothing to sincere talk, naturalness, common sense.

—*Joan Laurion/Madison, Wis./17*

Some boys seem to try to impress you of their popularity and importance by telling you about the popular girls they've dated, things they've done, etc. I don't have to *be* impressed by a boy I date—I don't date a boy unless I'm already impressed by his actions, attitude, and natural behavior.

—*Joyce Yates/Asheboro, N.C./18*

My biggest complaint is the tendency of many boys to ignore their dates in order to talk sports or cars with a friend (male) or to insist on parking merely because they can't think of anything else to do.

—*Sally Johnson/St. Petersburg, Fla./17*

They always feel they have to take you out to eat afterwards—I mean a full-course dinner at 12:30 at night isn't too appetizing!

—*Sue Haas/Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio/17*

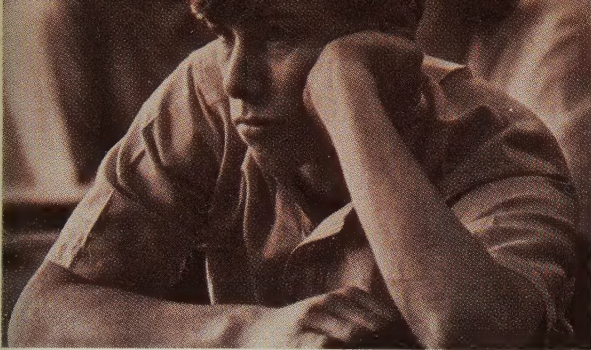


Photo by Ken Thompson

## BOYS: MY BIGGEST COMPLAINT ABOUT GIRLS

Too many girls are either afraid to talk, or don't want to go past the day's trivia in conversation, or just sit back and expect the boy to entertain them while they exude pure beauty for him (and everybody else) to see. Give me a talker any day!

—Don Grace/Athol, Mass./17

There are times when girls are too concerned about their appearance—hair, stockings, etc.—*Bill Schaller/Milwaukee, Wis./17*

Too many girls try to follow styles which are not right for them personally, thus making themselves uncomfortable and thus doing the same thing to their date. —*Dan Briggs/Brentwood, Mo./17*

Some girls just want to make-out and if they do, they consider it a good date. —*Larry Andrews/Phoenix, Ariz./17*

They have no idea what they would like to do or even what there is to do, and once you finally decide and do something, they give no indication whether they're enjoying themselves.

—Jim Aukerman/Kingston, R.I./18

Some girls try to act sexy when they're not. If they are sexy—okay—and if they aren't—okay—but I wish they wouldn't try to imitate something they're not.

—Dave Brown/Pompey's Pillar, Mont./17

Many girls are overly emotional. I am not trying to blame them entirely for "turning a guy on" but I think the girl has an upper hand in her natural control of sexual desires.

—Leonard Dean Horst/West Salem, Ohio/18

Many girls are too occupied with being seen on a date to enjoy it or let the fella enjoy himself. —*Allan Widlits/Portland, Ore./17*

Many girls tend to model their love life along the standards set by the lyrics of this week's "Top Ten" and extreme superficiality results.

—Sam DeKay/Atlantic, Iowa/18





## GIRLS: WHAT BOTHERS ME MOST ABOUT DATING

Sometimes we kill each other with politeness. The biggest problem, though, is being at ease with each other.

—Jane Beckman/Morgantown, W. Va./17

As a girl, my biggest problem in dating is getting my parent's approval of my date. It is not difficult to do unless we date for an extended period of time, and then my parents find some fault in my date, most probably out of fear for themselves.

—Marcia Frost/Fairfield, Conn./17

My biggest problem in dating is *not* sex! Probably the biggest problem is that some weeks there is little of interest to do, and other weeks there are so many things to do it's hard to choose. Also, convincing the guy that it was really his decision we are going to a certain place—not mine.

—Choc Cressey/Seattle, Wash./18

Unless I'm really groovy on someone, I don't want to hold his hand, much less kiss him goodnight. In these parts, girls like me are labeled prudes, when actually we're just choosy.

—Maggie Lee/Simi, Calif./17

Boys! I just can't seem to get one who doesn't think about sex all the time. There are a few, but then you're considered going with them.

—Marilynn Leek/Windermere, Fla./16

People can't just date a boy to get to know him or have fun. You have to be "going" with him, and you're thought of as a two-timer if you go out with somebody else.

—Sue Haas/Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio/17

There is much social pressure to date but not to get married when you are a teenager. Teens don't understand the true reason for dating.

—Alexis Lybrook/Kokomo, Ind./16

My biggest problem is what to say if someone I don't care to date asks me for a date.

—Emilie Kallenbach/Evansville, Ind./16



## SUGGESTIONS: FOR WHAT TO DO ON A DATE

**o sporty:** Tennis, skating, bowling, pool, horseback riding, golf, biking, walking, swimming, or whatever other sport is seasonal.

**o arty:** Concerts, plays, art exhibits, museums, lectures.

**o parking** (not that kind): Amusement parks, local parks to walk, picnic grounds, zoo, etc.

**o sight-seeing:** Historic, scenic, educational, you name it!

**Stay home:** Work on a hobby, listen to records, watch something worthwhile on television, make cookies, candy, pizza and then eat, finger-paint to music, do a jigsaw puzzle, clean the cellar together, rake leaves and jump in them, shovel snow, wash his car, and if you run out of ideas of what to do, your parents will always have one to suggest (but approach with caution).

**USE YOUR OWN IMAGINATION!**

## BOYS: WHAT BOTHERS ME MOST ABOUT DATING

Transportation and money! —*Al Fischer/Clifton, N.J./16*

The half-hour I spend before the phone trying to get up enough guts to call a girl. Once I have dialed the number, I'm A-OK—no problems, but I think I could easily get an ulcer just sitting before a phone. It's weird, but it's natural. I want to call, but something holds me back.

—*Don Grace/Athol, Mass./17*

Finding inexpensive things to do.

—*John Fuller/Denver, Colo./18*

Getting too serious. This is a problem that a lot of us have. Our parents can warn us about the dangers, but for the most part, we sometimes have to experience some of it ourselves. This is really too bad, too.

—*Larry Andrews/Phoenix, Ariz./17*

(1) emotions (2) money (3) communication.

—*Jim Domke/Greeley, Colo./17*

Avoiding routines; going to the same places and doing the same thing week after week. Also, matching a girl and an activity which you feel she would enjoy.

—*Allan Widlits/Portland, Ore./17*

My biggest problem when I'm on a date is that I think of conversation as a solo, not a duet.

—*Andrade Thomas/Washington, D.C./16*

Getting a date.

—*H. L. Pitz/Baltimore, Md./19*

Usually I date one girl at a time. My problem is that I seem to lose interest in the girl after about a month of dating. I think my problem in dating is that I'm too fickle.

—*Arthur Severance/Lakeport, N.H./17*

I think my biggest problem in dating is being afraid of being refused a date.

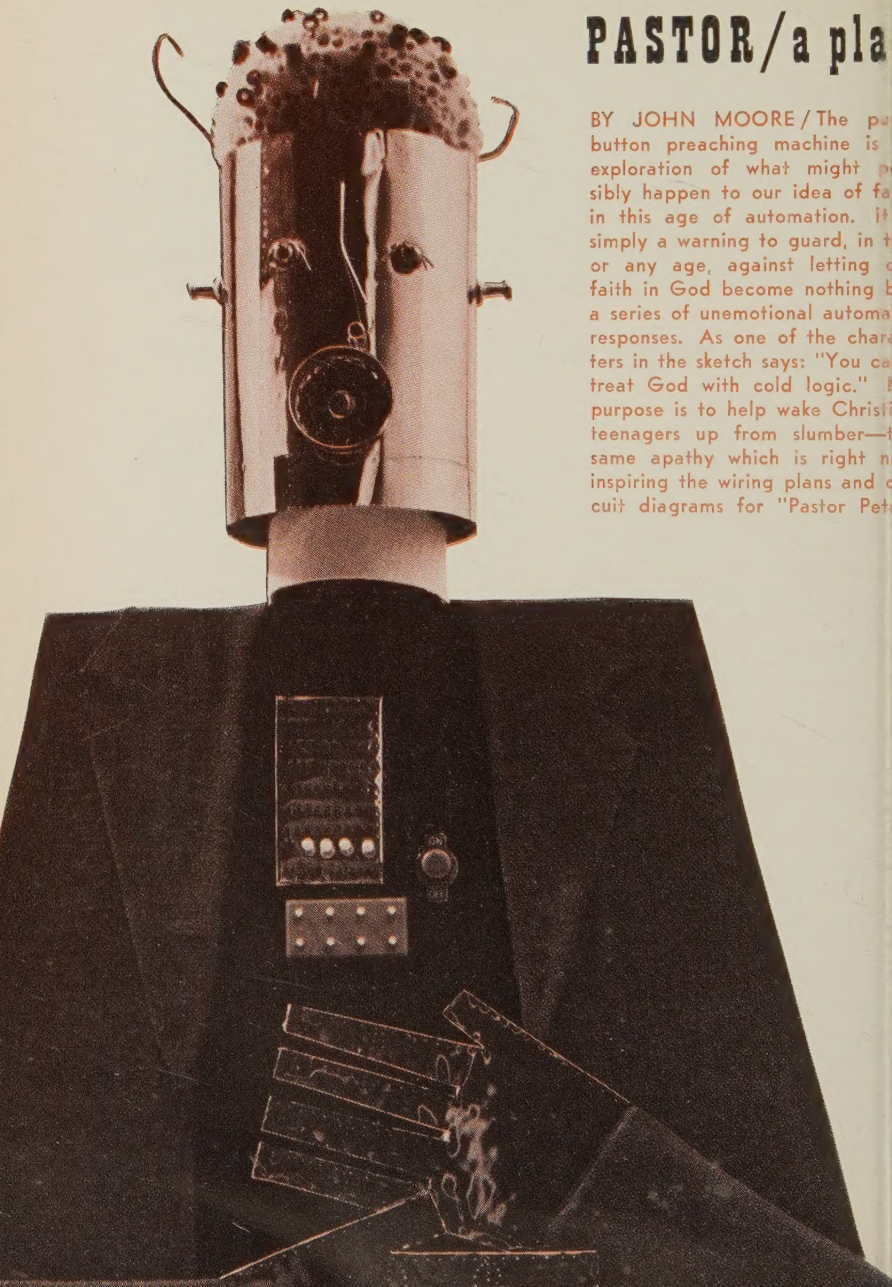
—*Bill Schaller/Milwaukee, Wis./17*

Finding something interesting to do to keep us from doing other things.

—*Bob Sieling/Port, Ohio/16*

# PUSH-BUTTON PASTOR/a play

BY JOHN MOORE / The push-button preaching machine is an exploration of what might possibly happen to our idea of faith in this age of automation. It is simply a warning to guard, in this or any age, against letting our faith in God become nothing but a series of unemotional automatic responses. As one of the characters in the sketch says: "You can't treat God with cold logic." The purpose is to help wake Christian teenagers up from slumber—the same apathy which is right now inspiring the wiring plans and circuit diagrams for "Pastor Peter."





THE SCENE: *There is a single, high chair or stool at center of stage upon which is seated the Preaching Machine. He is wearing a clerical collar and rabat, and around his chest is strapped a small box displaying numerous push-buttons and switches. As play begins, one player is stationed stage left of machine, a screwdriver in hand, making adjustment on the machine. Another player enters stage right, pauses a moment to survey and consider the situation, and asks:*

- X. What are you doing?  
O. Huh? Oh, hi! Be with you in a minute.  
X. What are you doing?  
O. Just a second—there! Now it's ready!  
X. Ready for what?  
O. A test—to see if it works.  
X. But what is it?  
O. Can't you tell?  
X. Well, I . . .  
O. What does this remind you of? (*Points to pastor's collar.*)  
X. A minister, I guess. They wear . . .  
O. Right on the button. This is "Pastor Pete, the push-button preacher."  
X. Push-bu . . .  
O. The world's first electronic preaching machine.  
X. Oh, sort of a *rector* set, huh?  
O. Uh, hum. Just think of it! It'll revolutionize modern religion!  
X. Oh, I don't know; the old way seems good enough for . . .  
O. You're behind the times! The world changes—and to get anywhere in it, you have to keep up with the trends.  
X. But in my opinion . . .  
O. How can you have an opinion until you've seen it work? Here, wait until I plug it in here and—now! Watch this! (*Speaks into ear and pushes button.*)  
What's the Second Commandment?

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.

- X. Amazing!  
O. Isn't it though? Now you try it.  
X. Oh, okay. Ahem. What does this commandment mean?  
O. Speak into the ear.  
X. Oh—What does this mean?  
We should fear and love God that we may not curse, swear, use witchcraft, lie, or deceive by His name, but call upon it in every trouble, pray, praise, and give thanks.  
X. That's very good. But is that all it can do? Recite the Ten Commandments?  
O. Oh, no. It's programmed with the whole Bible, Luther's Small and Large Catechisms, and answers to 1,347 basic questions.  
X. 1,347?  
O. With room for more!—as soon as we can think up some.  
X. Fascinating. But a pastor has to do more than just answer questions and quote the Bible. He has to give sermons, perform baptisms . . .  
O. Oh, we've taken care of all that. These other buttons here. Sermon, order of service, a catalogued assortment of appropriate hymns . . .  
X. He gives sermons?  
O. Sure. Listen. (*Punches button.*)

My friends: On this the Twenty-third Sunday in . . .

- O. He's programmed with 36 basic sermons, and a scrambler to vary the actual presentation.
- X. But, what about? . . .
- O. And as a special added convenience, an alarm sounds at the end of the sermon.
- X. Very practical.
- O. That's not the half of it. There's no pastoral function this machine cannot do.
- X. I don't know. How about confession?
- O. What better person to hear your confessions? You want to confess, right? You put a coin in this slot and a tape recorder inside records your confession. When you're through, it automatically erases thus keeping it absolutely confidential.
- X. You put a coin . . .
- O. Oh, of course, contributions are completely voluntary; so if you wish, you press this button and your coin is returned!
- X. You seem to have thought of everything—But, I don't know . . .
- O. Don't know what?
- X. Well—it just seems that something is missing. Something—
- O. What? I'll bet you can't name a thing.
- X. Well—Communion! How about giving Communion? How can he do that?
- O. Come out of the fog! Where have you been? We already have machines to do that. Automatic Communion Venders that dispense the bread and wine in airtight, sanitary, disposable cellophane bags!
- X. Baptism? Have you covered that, too?
- O. Not just yet. We're working on that, though. We haven't been able to decide whether it should pour on the water in a thin trickle or a light spray mist.
- X. That's all very fine for people who are already in the church. But what about those who have yet to hear of God?
- O. A cinch! This button here has got a special missionary routine—conversion guaranteed in 89.6% of the people it talks to.
- X. 89.6%?
- O. That's what I said.
- X. All the time?
- O. Without a hitch. Got it down to a science. It combines reason, psychology and a little bit of mesmerism.
- X. You mean like hypnotism?
- O. Sorta. If all else fails, a little light flashes at regular intervals in his eyes while he speaks. Not many people can resist that inducement.
- X. 10.4% can.
- O. So what! You can't win 'em all!
- X. 89.6%. It's not enough!
- O. Whaddaya mean? Nine out of 10 almost! Mustn't be piggy, you know.
- X. Yes, you must! What makes that tenth person any less important than the others? That's where the fault in your machine lies. It does its job—fine for all I can see—but that's it. After it goes through its programmed routine, it's used up. It stops. It's only a machine. And we're human beings—most of us. We have emotions, feelings—
- O. But that's where the real virtue of the machine is! No feelings to interfere with its functions. It can't impair its efficiency by getting emotionally involved.
- X. You're missing the whole point! You can't treat God with cold logic! There's more to it than that. You're by-passing the most basic, innermost, and important thing.



- D. What's that?
- K. Well—I don't know if I can state it in just a few words—
- D. Come on. Your so-called "whole point" can't be very valid if you can't even say what it is.
- K. I didn't say that! I just said that it couldn't be expressed in a snappy one-word answer. I don't have a button you can press.
- D. Go on, *try*.
- K. Well—(*ponders*)—I guess the nearest I can come to it is "heart." Does it have a heart?
- D. It doesn't need one. It doesn't have any blood to pump!
- K. No, that's not what I mean.—Does it think? Can it love? Is there any room for mercy and forgiveness?—What motivates it?
- D. Wait a minute! I think I know what you want. Right here.
- K. Electronic soul searcher. What's that?
- D. Well, you see, it's a combination emotional stimulator and subliminal probe.
- K. Come again?
- D. It brings out into the open a person's subconscious thoughts, and then deals with his problems according to sound rational thinking.
- K. Great—for a psychoanalyst. But where does the soul come in? No, that's not quite adequate—where does the *heart* come in?
- D. There you go with the heart again. Isn't that what you mean by heart? The person's subconscious that directs what he thinks and does?
- K. No, I don't think so. It's not something you can pinpoint so easily. You won't find it by dissecting a man either physically or mentally. You can't reach it with punch-card answers. People with problems need more than that. They need concern and compassion.
- D. Naw, I won't buy that, unless you have some concrete evidence to back it up.
- K. You think everything has to be concrete, don't you? You believe that everything must be able to be taken apart and subjected to the laws of science. Well, you're forgetting a very important thing again. You're forgetting Who made those laws of science in the first place!
- D. Oh, come off it! You just justified our friend here yourself! If God instituted the laws of science, then anything that operates by them must be according to God!
- K. There's more to it than that! Because there's more to God's creation than the laws of science.
- D. What more?
- K. I said it before. Can it think? Can it *love*?
- D. Well, I guess . . . I . . . I don't know.
- K. Then ask the machine. (*Exits.*)
- D. Well? (*Alone with machine, touching button.*)
- I lack sufficient data to answer that question.
- D. What do you mean by that?
- Question is incomplete. There are no specifics to correlate with data I have been fed.
- D. I guess that's my answer. (*Blackout*)

JOHN MOORE / Now a freshman at Washington University in St. Louis, John wrote this play while in high school. It was originally performed by The Persiflage Players, a group of high school boys who commented on our times through folk songs and satiric skits. (See the July 1966 issue of *YOUTH* magazine.) The above play is reprinted by permission of *Spirit*, Missouri Synod Lutheran teen magazine.

# PROJECT HOPE

BY RICHARD K. TEMPLETON / Living in the forecastle below deck I could hear the hawsers relax and tighten as the ship moved. The anchor alongside the dock. I awoke to the sound of the page system repeatedly calling the name of one of our doctors in an effort to locate him. I rose, dressed, and climbed the ladder to the main deck which was flooded with bright morning sunlight.

Another day had dawned on the S.S. *Hope* in Corinto, Nicaragua. The temperature was already rising. People in Corinto had been up for a number of hours to take advantage of the cooler mornings. The volcanoes, hazy purple and blue, rose from the mainland like tremendous anthills and, at the mouth of the harbor, great swells of white surf pounded the rocks separating the harbor from the Pacific.

For two months this past summer it was my good fortune to live and work aboard the S.S. *Hope*, the famed hospital ship which takes medical teaching-treatment programs to developing nations. In Corinto, where HOPE will stay until November, it was my privilege to work with a dedicated group of U.S. doctors, nurses, and technicians, many of whom serve without pay, to help build good health and good will. Under the guidance of Dr. William B. Walsh, the founder and president of Project HOPE, the ship has helped six nations on three continents in six years.

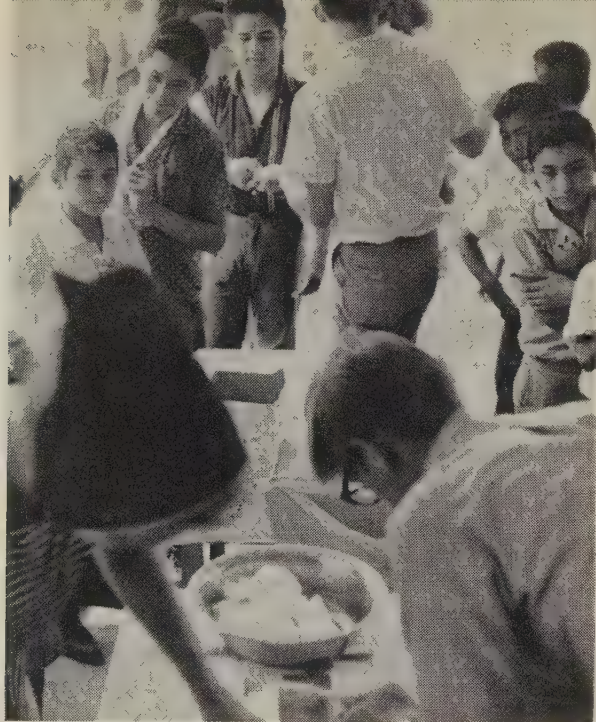
Plans for my tour on the S.S. *Hope* were completed by Christmas in my senior year in high school. As a summer volunteer, I was to receive no pay nor transportation, only room and board. In June when I landed in Managua, the country's capital, my eyes opened on another world whose people held different values, led different lives, and whose traditions and culture were altogether unknown to me.

My sojourn on the ship lasted a little more than two months and provided me with ample opportunities to view the work of HOPE's well-organized doctors and nurses. Filling in where my help could be used, I managed to find jobs sorting supplies in the hold, taking inventory in the ship's library, counting pills in the pharmacy, and going with the immunization teams into the field.

The S.S. *Hope's* well-stocked medical library was the meeting place for many Nicaraguan medical students and doctors, who do not find modern medical textbooks readily available in their country. The library keeps all major medical periodicals on hand, for use by anyone. The HOPE, too, has donated over 700 books to the University of Nicaragua medical school and a supply of current medical reference books to the hospitals of Corinto, Chinadega, Leon, and Bluefields.

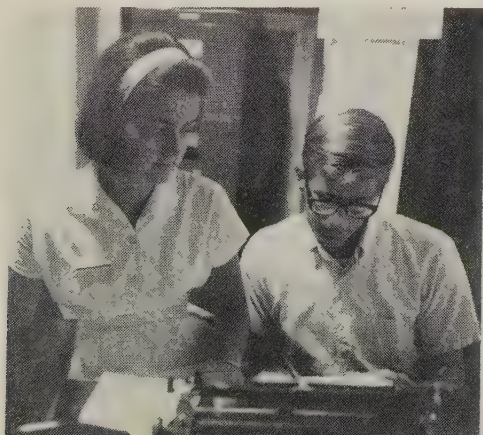
An interesting and enjoyable part of the HOPE's program is the "milk run," which three times a week delivers close to 9000 cartons





## On board ship I worked wherever my help was needed

The author (above right) worked this past summer aboard the S.S. Hope, famed hospital ship, in Corinto, Nicaragua, where it has been docked for the past ten months. He chats (below) with Ann McCarthy, summer student from Smith College, who worked at the admission desk.

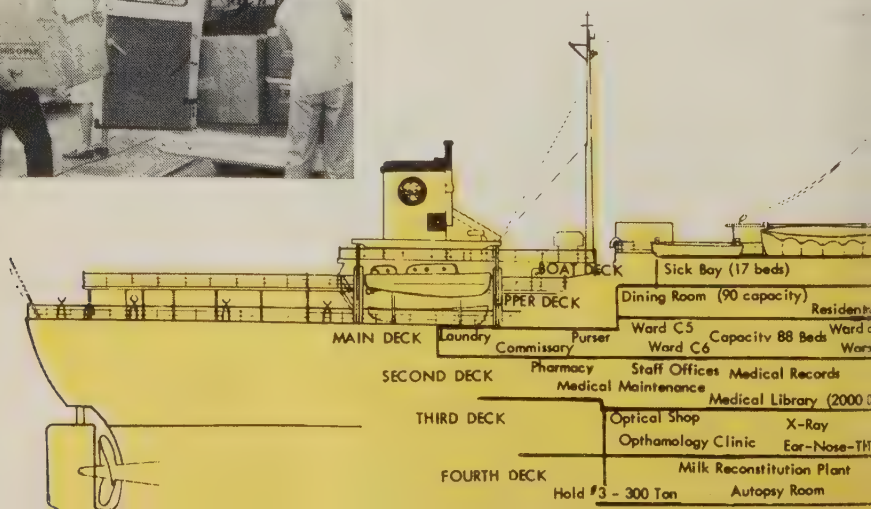
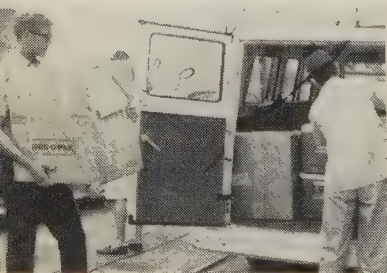


whole milk to children in and around Corinto. The milk is processed in the HOPE's own milk plant. Powdered milk solids are mixed with butter fat, sugar, and water. The milk is then pasteurized, homogenized, cooled, and packaged in HOPE cartons all in one operation. The milk is loaded and distributed in a HOPE truck, which at times is mobbed by anxious children awaiting the call of their name on the long list to receive milk.

The immunization program has protected more than 100,000 children against polio, tetanus, diphtheria, and whooping cough. This was a program designed to demonstrate to Nicaraguans the methods of organizing and implementing a mass immunization project. My weeks with HOPE immunization teams provided the greatest satisfaction. When I was immunizing, I felt I was working directly with HOPE's medical mission.

Beginning by packing our materials the previous evening, we would leave early in the morning to visit schools, haciendas, and sanidades (public health centers) of outlying towns to administer the vaccines. The children were fascinating to watch as they cavorted in line eager to receive the medicine, seeming to know the good that it does. But when it was their turn they gazed up in wonder and innocence with their bright black eyes and dark hair while their classmates and friends amused themselves by watching their expressions. The children constantly asked for the red needle caps which made fine whistles, and which were used as rewards for their bravery. Often a handful of caps would be heaved into the air prior to our departure amid joyous screams of the children. And as we started off to the next site the children yelled the word "HOPE," pronounced "Hoe-pay" in Spanish.

The Nicaraguans abound in a good-natured spirit, and display gusto





all that they do, particularly when it comes to their national pastimes of baseball and dancing. They are fun-loving, talkative people who live their day-to-day existence with a patient, easy-going attitude. From the friendly handshake that both precedes and follows all casual meetings, to the greetings from total strangers of "adios" and "que le vaya bien" (wishing your passage well), their friendliness is always evident. Though the language barrier presents problems to the non-Spanish speaking "gringo," the Nicaraguans thoroughly enjoyed our attempts.

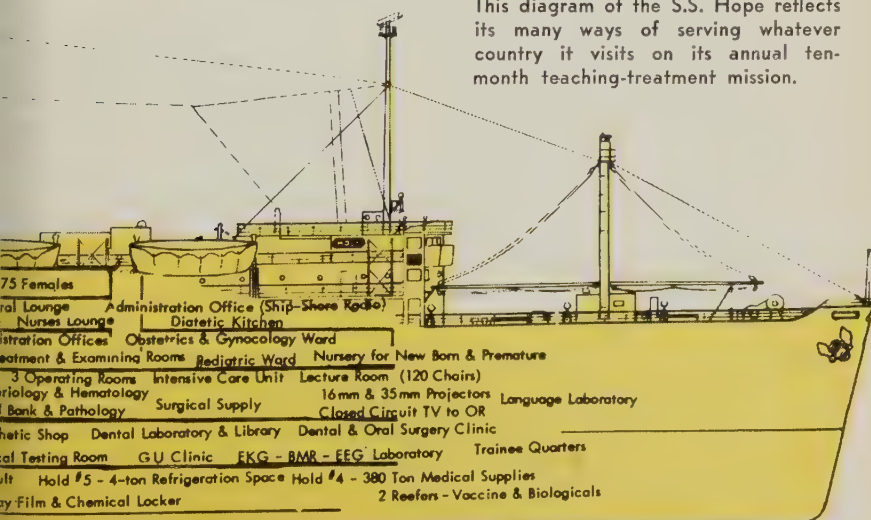
Shots and medicine did not always insure us against some sort of reaction to the local food, much of which just cannot be resisted. I, like many people, particularly enjoy eating new and interesting foods. However, all foods are bought fresh in markets where even the most basic sanitary measures are not observed. Meats, fruits, cheeses, and fish lie open to contamination in the hot sun while dogs and poultry run freely through the area. With a cautious eye, I watched what I ate—and where I bought it.

Contrasts between new and old abound. Small foreign cars race by cumbersome, slow-moving ox carts. Heavy dugout canoes, hand carved from tremendous tree trunks, sport spanking-new American outboard motors. There appears to be little resistance and no reluctance to accepting new ideas, and Nicaraguans are rapidly becoming Americanized. Even the Beatles and Bonanza have found their way into the lives of these people.

In the course of the ten months that the S.S. *Hope* was stationed in Nicaragua, thousands of patients were treated, thousands of operations performed, and countless gallons of HOPE milk distributed to Nicaraguan children. Hundreds of Nicaraguan medical students and nurses were

## The ship is equipped to be a hospital, school, and home

This diagram of the S.S. Hope reflects its many ways of serving whatever country it visits on its annual ten-month teaching-treatment mission.



trained on board, and an amazing amount of work done to reorganize, clean up, and aid this country's inadequate hospitals. Tons of medical supplies have been exhausted, all financed by contributions and donations. This is all a part of the principal objective of Project HOPE: to teach modern methods of medical practice.

During the visit of *S.S. Hope*, physicians, dentists and medical students trained and learned aboard the ship, each for a period of two months. Large groups of Nicaraguan nurses and technicians were afforded the same opportunities on the ship for three month periods. The students worked side-by-side with HOPE doctors, learning new and better methods of medical care, operating techniques, and patient diagnosis. Formal classes were held each day in classrooms on the ship and on shore.

No opportunities were lost for teaching. Public education programs in nutrition, sanitation and personal hygiene were conducted daily. In private homes throughout the towns and villages, at clinics and in the wards aboard the ship, Nicaraguans learned through talks and movies the importance of such practices as brushing teeth, cleaning food and eating a balanced diet.

The Leon Hospital, some 35 miles from Corinto, and the neighboring hospitals in Corinto and Chinadega were the centers of concentrated effort on the part of Project HOPE. When the ship arrived, conditions at the Leon hospital, where the country's sole medical school is located, were deplorable. The buildings, weather beaten and dirty, looked very much like a number of connected barns. Flies were thick, waste disposal was grossly inadequate, and few of the women who worked in the wards had had any formal training. Simple procedures, such as giving patients baths and changing bed linens, were not observed. And the concept of sterile technique in the operating room was largely ignored.

Through the work of Project HOPE significant accomplishments have been made toward the remedying of these conditions. The tools of the HOPE in this work included everything from a scrub brush and a pail of paint to the donation of equipment and expensive medical books, which supplemented the extensive program of teaching and training. Most of all it is the spirit of the hard-working HOPE doctors and nurses which is bringing about dramatic changes in attitudes, as well as physical facilities.

Were the HOPE to concentrate solely on the treatment of patients, a task which is endless, there would be no lasting effect to the HOPE's visit. And it is, the visit of the HOPE—the ideas and knowledge it has left—are embedded in the minds of the Nicaraguan people.

Now that I am again back at school, the *S.S. Hope* and Nicaragua seem far behind me. But I can still see the grateful faces and cheerful smiles of Nicaraguan children who romped in the halls of the wards in their wheelchairs or on their crutches. It is only hoped that many more children like them will profit from the wonderful work that Project HOPE has done to elevate medical standards and spread good will. ▼

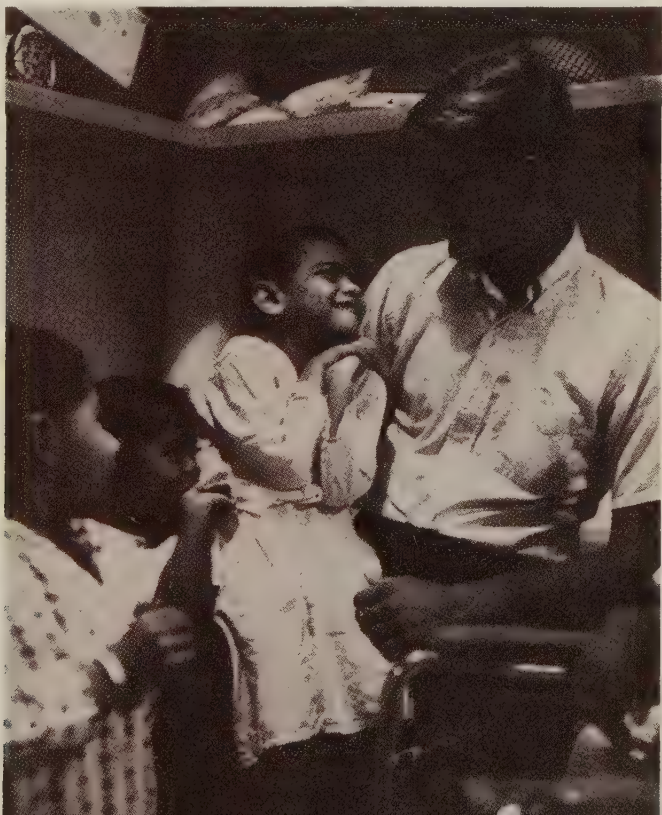
RICHARD K. TEMPLETON / Dick, who is 18, and a graduate of Severn High School, Severna Park, Md., is currently a freshman at the University of Pennsylvania.





## **On the field trips, HOPE's mission came alive for me**

When an immunization team from the S.S. Hope visited Nicaraguan villages, the author went along to do odd jobs. There he met the people who are being helped by HOPE's educational and medical efforts.



## What you are saying . . .

"A Family Farewell" in the September 11 issue of YOUTH is the best story of good-bye ever!

—R. P. / Boulder, Colo.

So many times I have wanted to write and say THANKS!!! and now after just receiving my September 11 copy of YOUTH, I must! I subscribed last spring and have found every issue since then a joy to me. I often have a feeling I so wish I were able to express—when, lo and behold, there it is in my newest YOUTH!

Now you've done it again in the poetry and sketches of Puerto Rico/66. It was so much like the Puerto Rico I remember!

—P. F. / St. Paul, Minn.

I have been getting YOUTH in church school for three years and haven't gotten one yet I really liked.

In the August issue on creative arts, I found some very depressing material. The story, "Pete," by Steve Lane, for instance! If I read a newspaper, I want the facts and if the facts are depressing, I am depressed. But when I sit down to read a story in a magazine such as yours I would like to have my faith renewed that God is with us. How am I supposed to get this out of "Pete"? Well, I'll tell you. It is impossible.

Do you really believe that an "I don't know and I don't care" attitude is the Christian attitude? Not to me it isn't. If I want to read depressing stories I will look in other magazines.

I have read the youth magazines

of other churches. Some of the stands are opposite of YOUTH. I along with the other magazines on most all issues. I would hope you can see some way to improve your magazine. With work, it may become readable yet!—V. B. / Lincoln, Ill

As I read the August "Creative Arts" issue of YOUTH, I can't help but commend those of my generation who contributed to this marvelous collection of thoughts. Each selection expressed the sadness, the happiness, the loneliness, the bitterness . . . every emotion that I have experienced many times but couldn't express.

—B. B. / Norwich, Conn.

I was extremely pleased with the publication of my art work in the August "Creative Arts" issue of YOUTH. I want to thank you and your staff for providing this wonderful opportunity for youth to show their creativeness. For me, it was a new burst of vitality and encouragement.

—L. P. / Dayton, Ohio

## What adults are saying . . .

Your July issue on morality was terrific. The article by Gabriel Fackre is one our youth have needed. We will be using it as a resource at our fall rally.—E. L. / Versdale, Wash.

I have read your article on love and morality in the July issue and find as I do Dr. Fackre's article, certainly far beyond the intelligence for our youth up to 18 or 19 years of age to comprehend fully this subject of love as Jesus our Christ and Lord meant.

I think it is up to you as an editor to write or have an article written about Paul and the Ten Commandments—that there is sin in thought, dishonesty, gossip, rumor, theft, etc.



not always sex, for this does not encompass morality as a whole.

And, why have all the suggestive photographs? Why not photographs of pleasant, happy faces?

Not in one paragraph do you mention love of your parents, love of your brothers and sisters, love of a sweet child or friends or neighbors—just sex which most young people think of as dating, seeing each other by themselves, as in those photographs. Your paragraphs on love will not be understood by most high school youth. The subject is for more mature persons to help and guide them toward and in marriage.

—V. H. / Parker Ford, Pa.

I am Chaplain of the 124th Flight Group. I had a panel discussion last month on the Playboy Philosophy and Morality and I found your July issue on morality very helpful, especially Dr. Fackre's article. In fact, a professor from the College of Idaho who defended Hugh Hefner's philosophy asked for a copy for his 17-year-old son! Would you please send me 20 additional copies of the July issue? —S. T. / McCall, Ida.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The demand for extra copies of the July issue on morality has already diminished our supply.*

Please send ten copies of the Creative Arts issue (August 1966). I am an English teacher and would like to use these copies in a class of creative writing we're having this term. Our little magazine is excellent.

—Mrs. J. F. / Northport, Mich.

YOUTH is a terrific magazine for young people. Why don't we hear more about it? My daughter took her copies to music camp with her and

all the groups, of all faiths, just about read the print off the pages. They were most enthusiastic about it.

—E. C. / Montague, Mass.

Our Theology Department for our (Jesuit) high school has decided that we wish each of our 500 Sophomores and Freshmen to have a subscription to your splendid magazine. As an auxiliary text to the other materials, YOUTH will be used as a weekly assistance to classroom discussions in relating Christianity to the world.

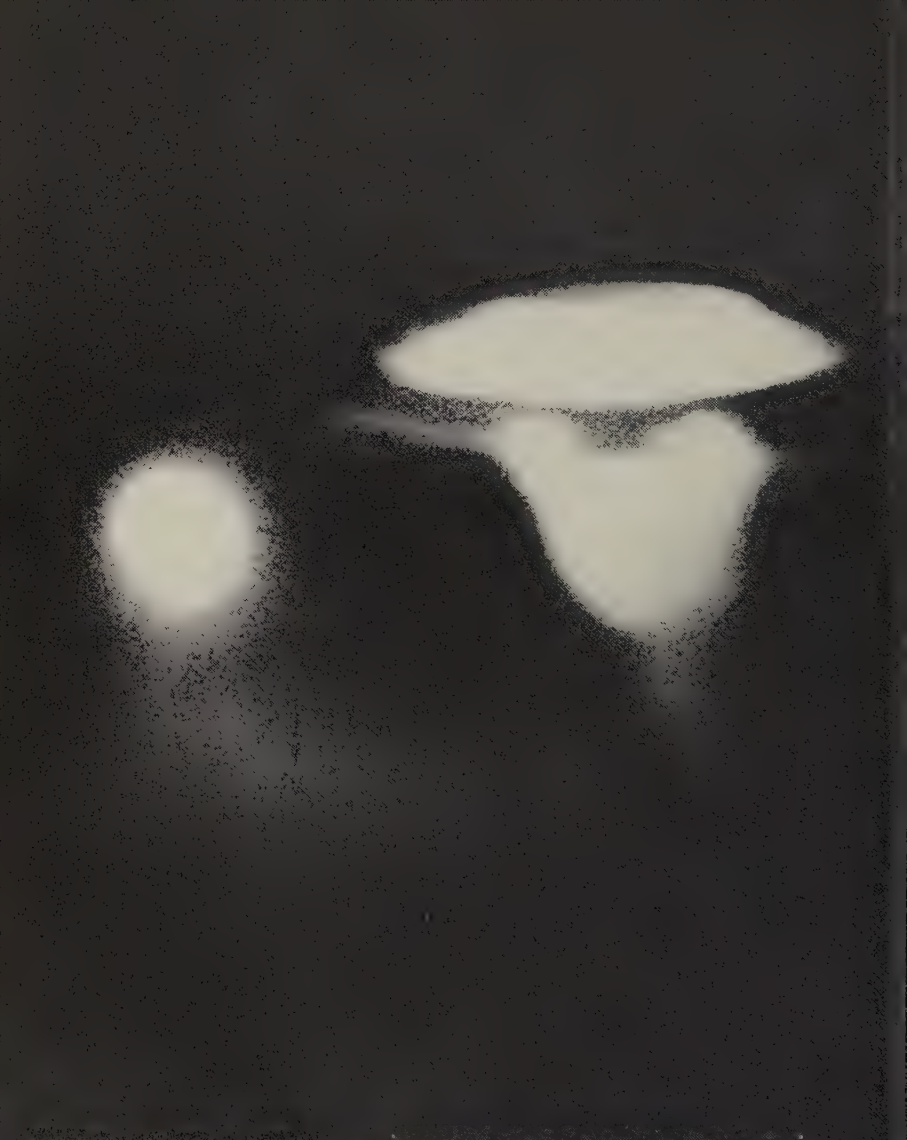
I think it is a considerable compliment to your work, and I think it is a joyful happening in the world of Ecumenism. May Christ bless your work for Him. We are grateful for your help to us, and for the fine material that characterizes YOUTH.

—J. F. / Phoenix, Ariz.



Charles Schultz, Copyright 1966.

"... And then after that we'll go to some fancy restaurant for supper unless of course you'd rather we'd just spend the whole evening at your house. . . . Hint, hint, hint, hint!"



# UFO

Do "flying saucers" really exist? Can they be explained? Do they represent phenomena hitherto unknown to scientists? Or are they a figment of overactive U. S. imagination?



BY FRED G. MYERS / Few issues before the public today are more confused and confusing than the controversy over UFO's (Unidentified Flying Objects). On the one hand, ordinary people are being told by professional people that they are "just seeing things." On the other, professional scientists and reporters often seem to forget that the man in the street has a pair of eyes in his face and a sprinkling of horse sense in his head.

The people who see UFO's and the people who "disprove" them simply aren't hearing each other. The problem is compounded by the fact that a good many sightings—I wouldn't care to guess what percentage—can actually be attributed to conventional craft or natural phenomena. It is further compounded by the existence of so-called UFO witnesses who make a religion of their sightings, and with whom many genuine witnesses tend to be lumped together as kooks.

The press does not help matters. Acting chiefly as a rumor-monger, it circulates fantastic "flying saucer" stories one day, only to spread equally fantastic "official explanations" the next. A newspaper reporter does not have time to investigate sightings in great depth, and the scientific community is not doing the job for him.

How do you find the truth in such a situation? I decided to go after it on my own. My eight-month search has led down many a blind alley and through more than one labyrinth of bureaucratic hedging. I have been skeptical and hard-headed toward reports and disclaimers alike. My conclusions are open-ended, arrived at by a continuous and stringent effort to approach the problem philosophically, as well as scientifically. This effort is still going on, but I am now fairly certain of two things: First, UFO's do indeed exist, and, secondly, no one—including the United States Air Force—knows what they are, where they come from, or what their purpose is.

People who have seen UFO's are often subjected to unfair treatment at the hands of officials, the press and the public at large. Many sane men and women suddenly confronted by this phenomenon resolve to keep quiet rather than risk ridicule. Everyone who knows anything about UFO's would be much happier if they would either go away or stay put long enough for us to find out what they are.

The question mark surrounding their appearances represents an important gap in human knowledge. In building for the future we need to know what kind of world we are living in, and our understanding of life on this planet could conceivably be changed by the truth about UFO's, when and if we come to know it.

One of the most authentic photos of an Unidentified Flying Object was taken by James Lucci, of Beaver, Pa., on the night of August 8, 1965. At the time, he was a senior at Beaver High School and an amateur astronomer. When the UFO came into view, James was in the process of taking photos of the moon (the round object to the left). The UFO stopped and hovered twice, he said, then shot "straight up, fast" out of sight. The film's negative was examined by the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena and all circumstances of the sighting checked out. (Photo from NICAP)

## Why did the USAF report not accurately quote scientific sources?

The following results of my search for this truth are cruelly compressed for lack of space. Further, it is virtually impossible to write a story which keeps changing as it is being written. At press time I have reports that certain key witnesses whom I interviewed three months ago are being subjected to outrageous persecution as a result of their sightings. But deadlines make further investigation impossible for the moment.

**Let's look first at the four classical hypotheses** which have been invented to "explain" UFO's.

1. *The Air Force position:* All sightings are the result of known, conventional events—including man-made objects, natural phenomena, psychological factors, the "deluded observer" theory, etc. (For the record, I'm convinced that a great many reported sightings are covered by this hypothesis.)

2. *The "secret development" hypothesis,* which speculates that UFO's are an experimental craft developed by either the USA or the USSR. (So far, I'm concerned, this one can be discounted. No secret could be so well kept for so long. Besides, UFO's have been seen in nearly every country of the world, and recorded sightings long predate the technological age.)

3. *The "atmospheric life form" hypothesis,* which is the rarest and most fascinating of all. Do there exist, high in the earth's atmosphere, forms of living creatures hitherto unknown to man? (For my money, no. That would be a more fantastic development than men from Mars, and it would hardly fit the machine-like objects described.)

4. *The extra-terrestrial hypothesis,* which many sane and respectable commentators consider the "hardest to punch holes in," and therefore the likeliest explanation. Do UFO's come from superior civilizations alien to earth? (Because this one appeals so strongly to wishful thinking, I am uncomfortable with it. There may be other explanations no one has thought of. But meanwhile this solution remains as plausible as any other. The mere statistical probability that intelligence exists beyond our solar system is overwhelming. Besides, the question is not whether such beings could travel to earth, but whether in fact they *are* doing it.)

**In order to "prove" that UFO's have no real, physical existence** you would have to explain all known sightings under the "Air Force hypothesis." But will all sightings fit this category? Obviously not, as we shall see.

Since 1947 a central Air Force agency has investigated well over 10,000 UFO reports in the United States. At my last count it has failed to identify 646 of them. All cases are in the files of Project Blue Book at Wright-Patterson Field, Dayton, O., the official agency charged with evaluating and explaining "difficult" sightings. (Wherever possible, reports are "explained" by local bases without being forwarded to Dayton.)

The 646 officially "unidentified" cases contain "all pertinent data necessary to suggest a valid hypothesis concerning the cause or explanation of the report," but their "description of the object or its motion cannot be cor-



## ts "swamp gas" debunking of Michigan sightings?

ated with any known object or phenomena." Yet the Air Force maintains here is "no evidence that sightings categorized as unidentified represent technological developments or principles beyond the range of present-day scientific knowledge."

How do you reconcile these two convoluted statements? One says UFO's "cannot be correlated with any known . . . phenomena," yet the other claims they represent no "technological developments or principles beyond the range of present-day scientific knowledge." Either this reasoning is specious or there is some "present-day scientific knowledge" that I, for one, have not heard of. To illustrate, let us examine two of the 646 U. S. sightings officially listed as "unidentified."

**An egg-shaped object sighted in New Mexico:** On April 24, 1964, between five and six p.m., patrolman Lonnie Zamora was chasing a speeding car in the open country near Socorro, N.M., when he saw and heard what he took to be an explosion "in an area where a dynamite shack was known to be located" (quotations refer to an Air Force document). Going to investigate, he discovered in a shallow gully a white, egg-shaped object supported on four "girder-like legs." He had approached to within some 100 feet when the object emitted a roar, spewing "bluish and orange flame," rose about 20 feet in the air, and hovered for a few seconds, during which there was no longer any noise, smoke, nor flames." Then it flew silently away "in a southerly direction following the contour of the gully." Air Force, civilian and FBI investigators later found depressions left in the ground by the landing gear and "an apparently burned bush in the area."

It has been suggested that the object was some sort of experimental device developed for a U.S. space probe. But the Air Force says that "all attempts to reach such a conclusion were inconclusive." Further, although the object rose from the ground in what would appear to have been a fairly conventional blast-off, it *hovered silently*, then *flew away silently*. If such a technological feat falls within the "range of present-day scientific knowledge," then the discovery of some revolutionary new physical principle has yet to be reported on the front page of the *New York Times*.

As he approached the gully, Zamora "saw two people in white coveralls very close to the object. One of these persons seemed to turn and look straight at (his) car." As the ground dipped beneath him, he lost sight of the figures, which were no longer in evidence when he topped the final ridge adjacent to the gully.

This much information is contained in the Air Force files. But if we turn to the files of NICAP (National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomenon)—the oldest and largest civilian agency investigating UFO's—we find a detail the Air Force fails to mention: Zamora estimated these "people in white coveralls" to be 4½ feet tall, basing his guess on the measured height of a nearby bush simultaneously in view. (The reliability and thoroughness of NICAP's investigative network appear good. They are careful,

This photo of a reported UFO was taken through the windshield of a public motor vehicle at 11:30 a.m. August 3, 1965, by county highway investigator Heflin, Santa Ana, Calif.

skeptical and relentlessly harsh in exposing hoaxes or illusions. Many of the sightings of varying credibility include this "humanoid" feature, with reported heights usually ranging from 3½ to 4½ feet.)

**The incident at Exeter, N.H.** Another case among the 646 "unidentified" is on its way to becoming the most famous U.S. sighting of this decade, thanks to John Fuller's book *Incident at Exeter*. Early on September 19, 1965, Norman Muscarello was hitchhiking on Route 150 near Exeter, N.H. There was little traffic, and by 2 a.m. he was walking along the highway between open fields. Silently and without warning, a round "thing" as he described it as a house, aglow with bright lights, swooped down upon him out of the sky. Hovering, floating, wobbling and yawing, it came so close that Muscarello dived into a ditch by the roadside and covered his head for protection.

After it went away, he hailed a car and made for the Exeter police station. A skeptical patrolman and Air Force veteran, Eugene Bertrand, drove the panic-stricken young man back out to the site. Seeing nothing unusual, they left the patrol car and walked across a field where some horses were corralled near a stand of trees. The horses began to whinny and kick. Muscarello shouted, and Bertrand saw the object rise up from behind the trees. In Fuller's words, "It came toward them like a leaf fluttering from the sky. The entire area was bathed in brilliant red light." (This "dead light effect" is often reported in cases of disk-shaped UFO's.)

The object hovered 100 feet above the field for several minutes while Bertrand and Muscarello watched it from the patrol car. Its lights were too bright to reveal a distinct outline. It seemed to rock back and forth on a vertical axis, and a configuration of pulsating red lights around its rim appeared to "dim rapidly" in sequence from right to left.

Bertrand said later the thing "could turn on a dime," defying all known principles of aerodynamics. Just before it moved away to the east another patrolman, David Hunt, arrived in time to see the object and confirm observations by the other men on its appearance and behavior.

Investigating this and other sightings near Exeter over a period of some three months, Fuller found and interviewed nearly 60 witnesses of "average to better than average" intelligence, character and reliability. And he interviewed many other persons whose testimony he rejected.

An Air Force spokesman with whom I discussed the Exeter case asked, "If it got that close and had so many lights, why couldn't they make out a clearer outline?" I had to admit that if a car rushed at me out of the darkness with headlights blazing I wouldn't expect to see its outline very clearly.



The same spokesman tried to suggest that Bertrand, Hunt and Muscarello might have been watching a high altitude refueling operation. I am relieved for these three men that they have each other to verify what they saw. And try as I may, I cannot conceive that it lies wholly within the range of present-day scientific knowledge."

Now let us look at two 1966 cases from among the more than 10,000 "identified" sightings in the U.S.A.F. files. Both of the following cases have been officially "explained."

**The identified "swamp gas" sightings in Michigan:** On March 20, 1966, at Dexter, Frank and Ronald Mannor, a farmer and his son, went outdoors to investigate their dogs' sudden yelping and howling. They saw a "football-shaped" object fly over their house and hover close to the ground in a nearby swamp. They ran to within 500 yards of the object when its lights brightened, then went out. The men heard a "whistle like the sound of a rifle bullet ricochet," and the "horrible thing" appeared to take off at great speed, passing directly over them "in just an instant." The New York *Times* reported that "at least 40 persons including 12 policemen" saw similar manifestations in the same swamp later that evening.

The following night, March 21, girls in a women's dormitory at Hillsdale Mich.) College saw a similar object fly past, swoop down and hover. As the news spread through the building, 17 girls saw the object fly away to the south and disappear. Half an hour later it returned from the same direction, flew over a garden behind the dormitory and settled into a weedy depression some 1500 feet away.

William Van Horn, civil defense director of Hillsdale County, alerted by telephone, rushed to the dormitory. Together with the girls and their house-mother, he watched the object hover for several hours.

The Mannors had described an elongated "thing" with a "grayish-yellow" surface "pitted like coral rock" and carrying a light at either end. Van Horn saw only the two lights, which maintained a fixed distance apart as they rose and fell reaching heights of "100 to 150 feet." Through his binoculars he perceived a "light haze" forming behind what he assumed to be the structure connecting the lights. Silhouetted against this haze he thought he saw a "convex shape."

The Air Force sent its chief scientific consultant on UFO's—Dr. J. Allen Hynek, Director of Dearborn Observatory at Northwestern University—to investigate these sightings. His official report is a carefully worded, complex argument. After careful study, I am willing to grant the slim possibility that Hynek may be right. But I strongly doubt it.

First he cites Minnaert, the Dutch astronomer, whose *Nature of Light and Color in the Open Air* is a classic work on natural optical phenomena. According to Minnaert, says Hynek, lights caused by swamp gas "resemble tiny flames sometimes seen right on the ground and sometimes rising and floating above it." But Minnaert actually says: These lights "resemble tiny

## *Is the spotting of "flying saucers" a contagious illusion?*

flames, about one-half inch to five inches high and not more than two inches broad. Sometimes they are right on the ground, at other times they fly about four inches above it." Why does Hynek cite Minnaert as an authority yet fail to be specific in his paraphrase of Minnaert's description? Hynek says the "glowing lights over the swamps near Dexter and Hillsdale appeared to . . . rise a short distance." This "short distance" was estimated by Van Horn as "100 to 150 feet." Even allowing for the most drastic margin of error, you have a whopping discrepancy between Minnaert's four inches and Van Horn's 150 feet.

Hynek says "no group of witnesses observed any craft coming to or going away from the swamp." Do a farmer and his son fail to qualify as a "group of witnesses? If so, what about the 17 coeds at Hillsdale? And what about the farmer's dogs who first sounded the alert? (These animals' behavior provides one of the most authentic touches in the entire "marsh gas" episode—reminiscent of the horses at Exeter and hundreds of similar accounts.) If space permitted, one could poke many more holes in Hynek's "Wildfire the Wisp" hypothesis.

**An 85-mile "Venus chase" from Ravenna, Ohio:** Our second "identified" sighting took place shortly after five a.m. on April 17. Deputy Dan Spaur of the Portage County Sheriff's Office and Wilbur Neff, a mechanic and part-time deputy, were making rounds in a patrol car several miles southeast of Ravenna, Ohio, when their radio announced that a UFO had been seen leaving Akron, headed in their direction.

Within a few minutes the object appeared from the west at an altitude of about 200 feet. As it approached, the roadside was brightly illuminated and the light was reflected from the metal parts of a nearby crane. Frightened, the two men fled to their car for cover. When the object passed almost directly overhead they heard a humming sound similar to the whine of high tension power lines. (There were no such lines in the vicinity.)

The object moved eastward down the highway, and the men drove after it, often reaching speeds over 100 m.p.h. to keep it in sight. Several times it disappeared over the horizon, then seemed to wait till they caught up before moving out again.

Spaur later said they were "close, closer than I ever want to be again." Judging from his sketch and description, they were chasing a dome-shaped disk nearly 50 feet in diameter, presumably flat-bottomed, with a curved antenna-like projection on its "tail" (top rear portion relative to path of travel). The top, or dome, appeared dark and solid, but the bottom was invisible because of a bright cone projecting downward to a point, like the flame of intense white light. Neff said it was too bright to look at.

The two men followed this thing 85 miles to the southeast across the Pennsylvania border to Conway, about 18 miles from Pittsburgh. Near Ellettsburg, Ohio, Wayne Huston, another officer, overheard their radio conversation, and waited for them on State Route 14. He is reported to have





"Why bother to phone? They'll just say it's swamp gas."



seen the object pass overhead at great speed. Then as the deputies' car passed, he joined the chase.

The official explanation is that these three men were dashing across the countryside in hot pursuit of the planet Venus. But before we all laugh, I must admit that when I examined this case in the Air Force files, I tended to accept their hypothesis. One factor seemed nearly conclusive. On the morning, in that part of the country, the sky was cloudless. Venus had risen shortly after 3:30 a.m. and, apart from the moon well into its last quarter, would have been the brightest thing in the sky. Yet, according to the Air Force, neither Spaur nor Neff reported seeing any "star" in the sky.

It is well known that Venus can play pranks which sometimes fool the most experienced observers. Although I was puzzled by the Ravenna object's apparent height above the horizon (which would seem to rule out a major distortion from the atmosphere) and apparent path of travel (toward the east, whereas Venus was rising *from* the east), there was no doubt whatever that Venus was a prominent object in the sky at the time of this sighting. Since Neff and Spaur reported no "star" in the sky, Venus must have been what they saw.

Several days later, I casually mentioned the Ravenna case during a visit to NICAP headquarters in Washington, D.C. I fully expected Dick Hastings, the organization's associate director, to agree that this was clearly a case of unidentified flying planets. But instead, he declared that the Neff-Spaur sighting was one of the strongest and best-witnessed cases of 1966.

"But since they didn't *see* Venus . . ." I began.

"Is *that* what the Air Force told you?" he asked incredulously. "They saw the moon and Venus both, and this thing they were following wasn't anywhere near either of them." Then he enumerated details the Air Force hadn't mentioned: the third patrolman who parked at the intersection and saw the object pass overhead, the way the ground and crane were illuminated as it went over, the humming noise it made.

I determined to check this out myself. Had the two men seen Venus or not? Neff and Spaur were difficult to reach. Huston, the "third man," had quit his job, changed his name, and for the moment dropped out of sight altogether. When at last I reached Neff by telephone, he seemed reluctant to talk. He remembered seeing the moon, but not a star. He couldn't say for sure he *hadn't* seen one. Neither did he remember whether he *reported* seeing one. It had been nearly three months.

It took another two weeks to reach Spaur. To my great relief, he was articulate and willing to talk. Yes, he had seen a bright "star" near the moon. (On the eve of the sighting, Venus was in conjunction with the moon.) I saw this "star" long before the object appeared.

When I asked his opinion of the Air Force explanation, he said: "Dead wrong. I may not know the difference between a star and a planet, but I do know the difference between a machine that comes so close you run f



cover and a natural object you see every day." He told me that a representative from Project Blue Book came out to Ravenna for a cursory investigation three weeks after the sighting—nearly as long after the official "identification" was released. Thus it would appear that the results of the Air Force investigation were published before the investigation took place.

These four cases do not even nick the surface of the vast available UFO evidence—nor have we had space for more than the most cursory look at them. But they do provide a glimpse, and they are typical in that tens of thousands of similar reports are equally well witnessed and documented throughout the civilized world.

**These cases raise at least three serious questions:** Can we accept the official conclusion that UFO sightings represent no "technological developments or principles beyond the range of present-day scientific knowledge"? Should not many of the officially "identified" cases be reclassified as "unidentified"? How can innocent persons be protected from anxiety and persecution visited on them as the result of manifestations in the sky?

In other words, I question whether Project Blue Book has been conducting a thoroughly scientific and ethical investigation. Its own scientific advisor, Dr. Hynek of "marsh gas" fame, appears to have *his* doubts, too. In a recent letter to *Science* magazine he calls on his colleagues to give serious attention to the UFO puzzle. "Scientists of the recent past have dismissed UFO reports as nonsense," he writes. "But now I want their help." He is particularly adept at pointing out that the Air Force cannot claim to have no evidence" of sightings representing developments unknown to modern science so long as it has unidentified cases in its file.

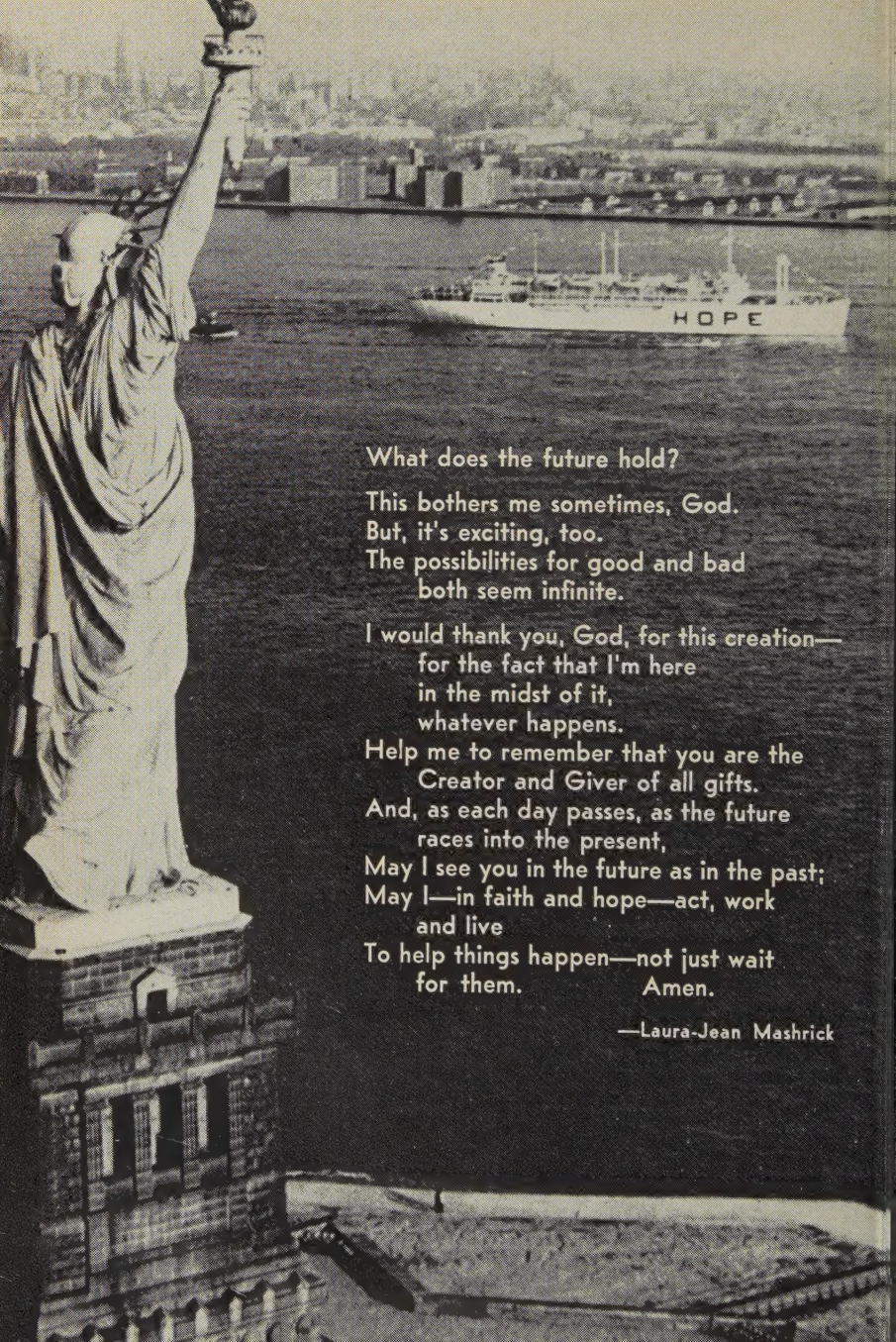
I have thought all along that Hynek was a good man, if you could get him to speak off the cuff. Now that he seems willing to air his cuffs in public, maybe this linen can at last be washed.

Following this news comes the announcement that Project Blue Book has just commissioned the University of Colorado to do a 15-month "independent" study of UFO reports. Astronomers, meteorologists, psychiatrists and other specialists will explore the question across disciplinary lines in an effort to discover new patterns and formulate answers.

My enthusiasm at this long-awaited disclosure is somewhat dampened by the fact that I can think of no university with stronger Air Force and ASA ties. Perhaps UFO's *can* get a fair hearing there, but I must add my own impertinent warning to these specialists as they take up their task: 's all very well to build an elaborate psychological theory demonstrating that UFO's aren't really there; but this won't convince a farmer in Iowa that hallucinations set fire to his cornfield. ▼

RED G. MYERS / In addition to being news editor of the National Council of Churches' Department of Information, Mr. Myers is a critic and playwright. His movie reviews appear in *Christianity and Crisis* and *The Christian Century*, and his play, "Break Them in Pieces," was performed at the first North American Ecumenical Youth Assembly at Ann Arbor, Mich., 1961. He is a lecturer on religion and the arts, author of a textbook on films for youth, and a former Rhodes scholar.





What does the future hold?

This bothers me sometimes, God.

But, it's exciting, too.

The possibilities for good and bad  
both seem infinite.

I would thank you, God, for this creation—  
for the fact that I'm here  
in the midst of it,  
whatever happens.

Help me to remember that you are the  
Creator and Giver of all gifts.

And, as each day passes, as the future  
races into the present,

May I see you in the future as in the past;  
May I—in faith and hope—act, work  
and live

To help things happen—not just wait  
for them. Amen.

—Laura-Jean Mashrick